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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1918.

With Supplement:
"Guerre Finie! Boche Napoo!" ONE SHILLING.

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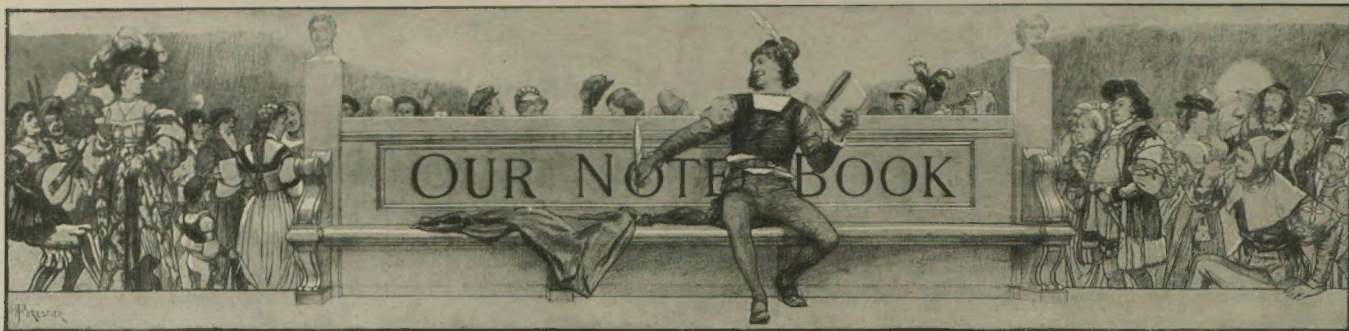


WITH THE WHITE FLAG FLYING: A GERMAN CAR CONTAINING GERMAN OFFICERS (SENT TO REVEAL THE WHEREABOUTS OF THEIR MINES) PASSING THROUGH THE BRITISH LINES

The eighth clause of the Armistice terms stated: "The German Command shall be responsible for revealing all mines or delay-action fuses disposed on territory evacuated by the German troops and shall assist in their discovery and destruction. The German Command shall also reveal all destructive measures that may have been taken (such as

poisoning or pollution of springs, wells, etc.), under penalty of reprisals." Our photograph shows the arrival on the British front of a German car containing four German officers, one of whom is driving, sent to show where mines had been laid by their engineers. The car, which bears a white flag, is passing through the Canadian lines.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CANADIAN WAR RECORDS



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

SINCE I last wrote in this place the end of the war has come as suddenly as an explosion. One of the chief remaining perils is that it should be regarded as an explosion—that is, as something that has simply happened. It is the curse of all our culture that it abounds in mechanical and materialistic terms, so that things do not seem to have been done by men, because so many men have done them. We talk of wars breaking out, like fires; of alliances breaking up, like ice; of negotiations breaking down, like bridges. In this case peace came, just as war came, like a bolt from the blue; and the danger is that it should stun rather than startle. It may seem dramatically sudden; but it is possible for a thing to be too sudden to be dramatic. Anyone can realise it who will imagine Hamlet killing Polonius in the middle of the chat with the Players, or Macbeth fighting Macduff when he first comes knocking at the front door after the murder. It would not even be sensational, because the audience would have no sensation of what it meant. In the present case, the danger is that the audience may have such an insufficient sensation of what it means. It may even be possible for some singularly senseless people to regard the end of the war as such people regarded the beginning of the war—as an enormous accident. Such moonstruck materialists were quite content to say that war “broke out” in 1914. But war did not “break out” in 1914. We might as well say a man had “broken down” when we found him stabbed and bleeding to death on our door-step. This war has been the most human of all human events. Men began it; men ended it; but, fortunately, those who ended it were not those who began it. The whole has been as singly and clearly conducted by the human will as any single combat in an old drama or any duel in private life. And the last phase of it was not only the most strenuous, but the most simple phase. The fight of Macbeth and Macduff in fiction was not a more elemental conflict of man against man. The fight of Bruce and Bohun in history was not a more purely personal encounter. Foch parried something as personal and deadly as a sword-thrust, and thrust back with the force of a single sword. It was not the result of accidents, or even of circumstances—for accidents, or even circumstances, cannot create a design, still less a work of art. A statue cannot be carved by a neighbouring earthquake, or even by a neighbouring landscape. Environment does not grow these things; they are made, and made by the spirit of man. The war was not an effect of evolution, or even of revolution—in the blind sense of reaction. It was the clear and intellectual answer of human virtue to human wickedness; a story of

sin, of sacrifice, and of expiation as purely spiritual as an allegory. The anarchic numbers, the alien names, the vast mazes of military strategy and economic machinery are mere irrelevant complications of the staging; they have never for a moment affected the story. The war did not begin; it was begun, because there is in the heart of man the anarchic art that can begin such things. The war did not end; it was ended, because there is in the heart of man that cleaner creative hope that can endure and can end them.

There is another form of the same materialist fallacy which fools have sown broadcast for the last four years. Its most fashionable form may be summed up in the phrase, “It will be all the same a hundred years hence.” I have read pacifist poems

It increases with every new generation that is saved from that destruction, with every new civilised work that is built on that security, with every baby that might never have been baptised or reared, with every blade of grass that might never have grown where it grows to-day.

Of course, the phrase about “a hundred years hence” was originally used in a loose but legitimate sense about petty dynastic and diplomatic wars, which may be all the same a hundred years hence. More often it was used about petty Parliamentary and party quarrels within the State, of which it would be truer to say that they are all the same now. I have my own opinions about those internal political quarrels, but I have deliberately kept them out of the notes it has been my business to jot down on this page for the last four years. Though the form of them has been in the crudest sense journalistic, I have tried to keep the philosophy of them in some sense historic. I have tried to think of the great war as it would have appeared to our remote ancestors if they had known it was coming, as it will appear to our remote descendants when they consider how it came. It has seemed well to insist on the cause of the war, which has remained unaltered throughout, more even than on the course of the war, which has been differentiated by great desertions and great reinforcements; and immeasurably more than on the course of the political criticism of the war, which has been defaced with the usual varieties of cant and claptrap and ephemeral egotism. The war will be something greater than the



THE PREMIER OPENS THE GENERAL ELECTION CAMPAIGN: MR. LLOYD GEORGE SPEAKING AT THE CENTRAL HALL, WESTMINSTER.

Mr. Lloyd George is here seen making his memorable speech at the great election meeting held at Westminster on November 16. Sitting to the left of the Premier is Mr. Bonar Law and, further to the left, Mrs. Lloyd George with her two daughters. Behind the elder daughter is Sir Auckland Geddes. His brother, Sir Eric Geddes, is behind Mr. Bonar Law and next to Lord Milner, behind whom is Sir F. E. Smith. To the right of Mr. Lloyd George are Mr. G. N. Barnes and (next but one) Mr. Austen Chamberlain. (Photograph by C.N.)

and essays in which the old rhetorical flourish to the effect that the corn will grow on the battlefield, or the ivy on the ruined fortress, is seriously used to suggest that it makes no difference whether the battle was fought or whether the fortress fell. We should not be here at all, to moralise about the ivy on castles and the corn on battlefields, if some of the great conflicts of history had gone the other way. If certain barbarian invasions had finally swept certain civilised districts, men would very probably have forgotten how to grow corn, and would certainly have forgotten how to write poems about ivy.

Of some such Eastern-Imperialist it was said, as a sort of proverb, that the grass would not grow where he had set his foot. Europe has been saved from turning gradually into such a desert by a series of heroic and historic wars of defence, such as that of the Greeks against the Persians, of the Romans against the Carthaginians, of the Gauls against the Huns, of Alfred against the Danes, or Charles Martel against the Moors. In each one of these cases the importance of the result does not decrease, but does definitely increase with time.

greatest men who have fought in it, and therefore infinitely greater than the smallest men who have quarrelled about it. And it is at least due to all those who have died, and all those who have suffered in their dying, to vindicate their work against a weak-minded cynicism; and to say plainly that very little of the pacific politics of our time, which calls itself civic or constructive, has been half so permanent or so practical or so fruitful for God or man as these four years of destruction.

“GUERRE FINIE! BOCHE NAPOO!” OUR SUPPLEMENT.

AS a Supplement with this Number we give a painting by Mr. R. Caton Woodville, which will form an interesting souvenir of a historic occasion—the entry of British troops into Mons on the day of the signing of the Armistice. Thus, for this country, at any rate, the war ended where it began, at the town which hereafter will ever be associated with the heroic little army of “Contemptibles” which has so triumphantly turned the tables on the once arrogant foe.

THE KING'S "VICTORY SPEECH": THE SCENE IN THE ROYAL GALLERY.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, S. BEGG.



THE KING, WITH THE QUEEN ON HIS RIGHT, IN THE ROYAL GALLERY AT WESTMINSTER: THE LORDS AND COMMONS
STANDING ON THE ENTRANCE OF THEIR MAJESTIES.

After the signing of the Armistice his Majesty decided to meet the Lords and Commons at Westminster and address them, and through them the nation and the Empire, upon the triumphant conclusion of hostilities. The ceremony took place in the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords at three o'clock on November 19, and the King was accompanied by the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and Princess Mary. In his address his Majesty said:

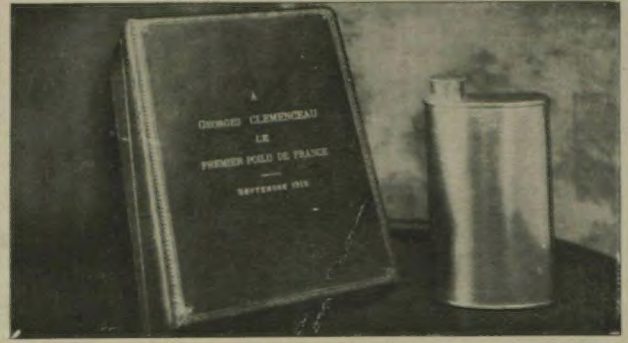
"During the past four years of national stress and anxiety my support has been faith in God and confidence in my people. In the days to come, days of uncertainty and of trial, strengthened by the same help, I shall strive to the utmost of my power to discharge the responsibilities laid upon me to uphold the honour of the Empire and to promote the well-being of the peoples."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

"PARIS IS ROARING OUT HER SOUL": ARMISTICE DAY SCENES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KOL



REJOICINGS IN PARIS ON ARMISTICE DAY: THE CROWD IN THE PLACE DE L'OPÉRA.



A WAR-SOUVENIR PRESENTED TO M. CLEMENCEAU: A POILU'S "BOUILLOTE" (HOT-DRINK FLASK).



"HOMAGE TO OUR POILUS, TO CLEMENCEAU, AND TO FOCH": A TYPICAL SCENE OF REJOICING IN PARIS ON ARMISTICE DAY.



A PARISIAN COUNTERPART TO THE SCENES IN LONDON: A CROWDED LORRY ON THE BOULEVARDS.



STREET SCENES IN PARIS ON ARMISTICE DAY: A LORRYFUL OF ENTHUSIASTIC DEMONSTRATORS.

The scenes in Paris on Armistice Day resembled those in London. Mr. Perceval Landon writes: "There was no holding back the immense torrent of enthusiasm. . . . About midday the greater thoroughfares had become passable only at a foot's pace. Mile after mile of flags blazed out along the street fronts of all Paris, especially in the Place de l'Opéra and in the Champs Elysées and the Tuileries. . . . The crowds soon became a

but slightly moving mass, added to in thousands at every five minutes. Flags of all nations were carried into the maelstrom, and there remained immobilised for hours. All traffic had soon to be suspended in the main streets, and still the tumult of rejoicing went on from hour to hour. At this moment Paris is roaring out her soul along her boulevards and her mighty squares."

AFTER THE GERMAN RETREAT: A FRENCHWOMAN'S TREASURES.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS



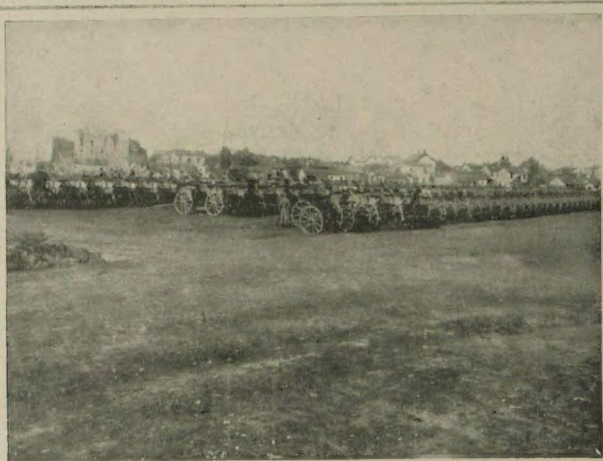
HER DEAREST TREASURE RESTORED TO HER AFTER FOUR YEARS, BY THE ALLIES' VICTORY: AN OLD FRENCH LADY WITH THE CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR AND OTHER RELICS OF HER HUSBAND WHICH SHE HAD BURIED.

Our artist has illustrated here a pathetic incident which occurred at St. Mihiel after its recapture by the American troops. When the French reoccupied the town the first work they undertook was the re-establishment of communications by the repair of the railway on the left bank of the Meuse and the building of a bridge over the river. An old lady asked three of the Marine Engineers who were working on the bridge to come

and dig out some articles she had buried in her garden more than four years ago when the Germans were approaching St. Mihiel. The most valued of these relics were the sword, epaulettes, and Cross of the Legion of Honour worn by a French General, presumably her husband. The old lady carried them away reverently in her arms. At the same time a case of wine was also dug up.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

KNOCKING AWAY "PROPS": THE LAST PHASE AGAINST BULGARIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



PART OF THE IMMENSE QUANTITY OF WAR MATERIAL TAKEN BY THE ALLIES: 200 CAPTURED BULGARIAN GUNS IN USKUB.



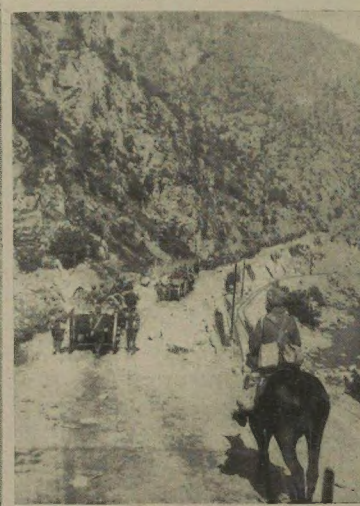
THE BULLOCK AS A MILITARY TRANSPORT ANIMAL IN THE BALKANS: PULLING A FRENCH LIMBER ACROSS THE MORAVA.



THE DOIRAN FRONT: BRITISH ARTILLERY CROSSING "PIP" RIDGE.



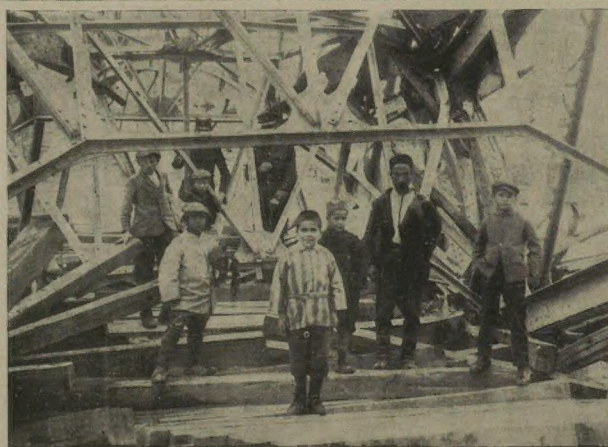
WHERE ALL THE MEN WERE FIGHTING: SERBIAN WOMEN TAKING AMMUNITION UP TO THEIR TROOPS.



WHERE OUR 'PLANES DESTROYED ARTILLERY: GUNNERS IN CRESNA PASS.



AT RECAPTURED NISH: A BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER WHICH HAD BEEN DESTROYED BY THE AUSTRIANS DURING THEIR RETREAT.



IN THE WRECKAGE OF THE BRIDGE BLOWN UP AT NISH A GROUP OF SERBIAN BOYS AND MEN.

These photographs illustrate some of the concluding operations of the campaign against the Bulgarians and Germans in the Balkans. Mr. Lloyd George said in his speech at the Guildhall the day before Germany signed the Armistice: "We thought it better to begin by knocking the props from under her. We dictated, to each of the belligerents who sought peace, terms which not merely made it impossible for them to renew the conflict, but made it very difficult for their neighbours to continue. The settlement of

Bulgaria opened up the flank of Turkey." The great part played by the British Army in the Balkan triumph was emphasised by the Bishop of London. He pointed out that our troops held up the bulk of the Bulgarian forces and thus made our advance possible. "The Grand Couronné and the Pip Ridge," he said, "were stormed by direct assault to draw away attention from the flanking movement of the Serbs and French. . . . The retreat began. Our flying men went over and attacked the retreating enemy in the deep gorges."

The Prince of Wales at Valenciennes: His Royal Highness Addressing the Joint Mayors.



WITH A LITTLE FRENCH GIRL WAITING TO PRESENT HIM WITH A BOUQUET: THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE BRITISH ENTRY INTO VALENCIENNES. Writing on November 7, Mr. H. Perry Robinson says: "The British 1st Army to-day made a formal entry into Valenciennes, the troops which took part being from the British Isles and Canadians. General Horne, commanding the 1st Army, accompanied by the Prince of Wales and Generals commanding, rode into the town on horseback as far as the Place d'Armes, where they were met by MM. Billiet and Damain, who conjointly perform the functions of Mayor, and a body of aldermen and civic dignitaries. Dis-mounting, the British Generals were presented with flowers by a deputation of girls dressed in white, and short speeches were made by General Horne and the associate Mayors."

"Back in the Old Country": The Home-Coming of British Prisoners from Germany.



"GOOD OLD BLIGHTY!" A CHEERING CROWD OF REPATRIATED BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR ARRIVING AT HULL.

About 1700 repatriated British prisoners arrived at Hull from Rotterdam on board the steamships "Archangel" and "Stockport" on November 17. Some 900 of them belonged to the Royal Naval Division. There was intense enthusiasm, the men shouting "Good old Blighty!" and "Back in civilisation again." The following message from the King

evoked hearty cheers: "The Queen joins me in welcoming you on your release from the miseries and hardships which you have endured with so much patience and courage. . . . We are thankful that this longed-for day has arrived, and that, back in the Old Country, you will be able once more to enjoy the happiness of home."

SCENES BEFORE AND AFTER THE ARMISTICE: A MEDLEY OF EVENTS DURING THE WAR AND SINCE THE "CEASE FIRE."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARRINGTON PHOTO CO., SPORT AND GENERAL, C.N., BELGIAN OFFICIAL, CANADIAN WAR RECORDS, TOPICAL, FRENCH OFFICIAL, AND MANUEL.



THE ROYAL DRIVE THROUGH SOUTH LONDON: A GROUP OF YOUTHFUL PATRIOTS EAGER TO SEE THEIR MAJESTIES PASS BY.



WATERING-CANS AND BISCUIT-TINS AS MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS: THE ST. THOMAS'S TIN BAND OUTSIDE ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL.



WEARING PRODUCTS OF THEIR WAR WORK: GIRLS FROM AN ANTI-GAS FACTORY IN GAS-MASKS AWAITING THEIR MAJESTIES.



THE KING AND QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARY OUTSIDE THE NOTRE DAME SECONDARY SCHOOL, IN ST. GEORGE'S ROAD: A ROYAL BOUQUET.



AN IMMORTAL VICTIM OF GERMAN "JUSTICE": THE GRAVE OF CAPTAIN FRYATT (EXECUTED BY THE GERMANS) AT STEENBRUGGE.



DURING THE FINAL OPERATIONS: A CANADIAN TRAFFIC-CONTROL OFFICER'S HUT BUILT IN THE BRICKWORK OF THE NORD CANAL.



A "JOY" MARCH OF AMERICAN TROOPS FROM THE U.S. HEADQUARTERS TO THE HORSE GUARDS: A BAND OF COLOURED SOLDIERS.



A GERMAN TRIBUTE TO BRITISH DEAD: THE GRAVE OF OFFICERS AND MEN KILLED IN THE NAVAL RAID ON ZEEBRUGGE.



CELEBRATING ARMISTICE DAY IN PARIS: THE UNION JACK CONSPICUOUS AMID AN ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD OF DEMONSTRATORS.



THE SINKING OF THE "AUDACIOUS" AFTER OCTOBER 27, 1914—WAR-SHIPS AND



STRIKING A MINE IN THE IRISH SEA ON BOATS TAKING OFF THE CREW.



YET NOT ALL: A HUGE COLLECTION OF CAPTURED GERMAN GUNS OF ALL SORTS AND SIZES, PART OF THE SPOILS WHICH FELL TO THE CANADIANS DURING THE CAMBRAI ADVANCE.

The four photographs in the upper row illustrate the drive of the King and Queen, accompanied by their daughter, Princess Mary, through South London on November 14, one of the series of "victory" tours which, by a happy inspiration, their Majesties undertook immediately the Armistice had been signed. Each one of these royal journeys has evoked the heartiest demonstrations of loyal affection from the inhabitants.—The inscription on the grave of Captain Fryatt, seen in another photograph, reads: "Here lies Captain Fryatt, Master of S.S. 'Brussels,' of glorious memory. R.I.P."—The tombstone over the grave of British officers and men killed in the Naval raid on Zeebrugge was erected by the enemy, and bears the inscription

in German: "Hier ruhen drei Engl. Offiziere, sieben Engl. Matrosen, zwei Engl. Heizer. † 23 April, 1918." (Here rest three English officers, seven English Marines, two English sailors, two English stokers.)—The Admiralty announced on November 14, 1918: "H.M.S. 'Audacious' sank after striking a mine off the North Irish coast on October 27, 1914. This was kept secret at the urgent request of the Commander-in-Chief, Grand Fleet, and the Press loyally refrained from giving it any publicity." The time having arrived, and the circumstances, publicity has been given now to the event without further delay upon the part of our authorities.

THE OCCUPATION OF GERMAN TERRITORY: THE RHINELANDS; ALSACE.

DRAWN BY W. B. ROBINSON.



SHOWING (IN WHITE) THE ACTUAL GERMAN TERRITORY TO BE OCCUPIED BY THE ALLIES:
A MAP ILLUSTRATING THE ARMISTICE.

The second clause of the Armistice required: "Immediate evacuation of invaded countries—Belgium, France, Alsace-Lorraine, Luxembourg—so ordered as to be completed within 14 days from the signature of the Armistice." The fifth clause of the Armistice terms ran as follows: "Evacuation by the German Armies of the countries on the left (west) bank of the Rhine. . . . The occupation of these territories will be carried out by

Allied and United States garrisons holding the principal crossings of the Rhine (Mayence, Coblenz, Cologne), together with bridge-heads at these points of a 19 miles radius on the right bank and by garrisons similarly holding the strategic points of the regions. A neutral zone shall be set up on the right (east) bank of the Rhine between the river and a line drawn 6½ miles distant."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

OUR WAR ENDED WHERE IT BEGAN: MONS AND POETIC JUSTICE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CANADIAN WAR RECORDS.



THE ENTRY OF THE CANADIANS INTO MONS ON ARMISTICE DAY: GENERAL SIR ARTHUR CURRIE, COMMANDING THE CANADIAN CORPS, TAKING THE SALUTE IN THE SQUARE.



WHERE THE HISTORIC RETREAT OF THE "CONTEMPTIBLES" BEGAN IN 1914: MONS ON THE LAST DAY OF FIGHTING BEFORE THE ARMISTICE—CANADIANS HEADED BY PIPERS ENTERING THE TOWN.

By a stroke of poetic justice, the cessation of hostilities at the Armistice on November 11 found victorious British troops just arrived at Mons, where Sir John French's heroic little Army began its great retreat in 1914. Writing on November 11, Mr. J. F. Livesay says: "This has been a wonderful day. At 11 o'clock, the hour of 'Cease Fire,' in the great square of Mons, the Mayor presented the commanding officer of the Canadian 7th Infantry Brigade with the keys of the city in honour of its recapture this morning by units from that brigade. There was a formal march-past, with pipers of a Montreal Highland bat-

talion leading, because it was that battalion which had the good fortune to enter the city first. Massed bands played the Belgian and British National Anthems. In the afternoon the city tendered a formal reception to Sir Arthur Currie, the Canadian Corps Commander. . . . Canadian troops lined the great square, and a guard of honour was furnished by the 5th Lancers, the celebrated regiment which fought through Mons in August 1914. . . . General Currie presented to the city of Mons the Canadian Corps' flag, which the Mayor said would ever be gratefully treasured among their archives."

THE WORLD OF FLIGHT

IMMEDIATELY POST-WAR AVIATION.

By C. G. GREY,
Editor of "The Aeroplane."

EVERYBODY seems to believe that the war is over, so far as fighting is concerned, despite the possibilities of a fresh German outbreak before Peace Treaties are definitely signed, and despite the likelihood of a lengthy guerrilla with German Bolsheviks; and, as Reconstruction appears to be the topic of the moment, it seems well to discuss the transition stages of aviation from the perfected organisation of war to the nebulous future when, according to the optimists, we shall all go flying. Of course, anybody who possesses the most rudimentary imagination can foresee that some day we shall have regular aerial services across the Atlantic, that we shall travel from London to Cape Town in two-and-a-half days or thereabouts, that we shall go from Paris to Peking in three days or so, and from Boston to Buenos Ayres in a trifle more. Also we shall have services of big flying-boats across all the seas, and short-distance aeroplane services all over the country everywhere.

But that is going to take some years to organise. An immense amount of capital will be needed, and it will be some years before everyone is educated up to the point of travelling by air as they now travel by rail or motor-car. Furthermore, the cost of travelling by air is bound at first to be high. It is the old "vicious circle" again. People will not travel by air because the cost will be so high, and the cost will be so high because people will not travel by air. This state of affairs will rectify itself in time, just as the twenty guinea bicycle of 1895 became the six-guinea bicycle of 1914, and as the 1000-guinea motor-car of 1903 or thereabouts became the 200-guinea car of 1914, and more reliable at the lower price. But we shall have to wait for the law of supply and demand to assert itself.

Meantime, there is a long and ugly gap to be bridged, during which our magnificent aircraft factories seem to have no prospects of work to keep them busy, and during which our thousands of aviators will be without employment. It seems extremely unlikely that any possible Government after the war will be powerful enough to maintain the Royal Air Force at its present strength, in the face of all the movements in favour of disarmament. Yet, as a matter of cold, hard fact, the R.A.F. to-day, at full war strength, is none too large to be the standing Air Force for the British Empire after the war. When, in a future generation, the spirit of war grows again, the British Empire will have to depend far more on its Air Force than on its Navy to protect us from invasion. One can only hope that this fact will be realised in time to save the Empire in the next war, but in the immediate future prospects are not bright.

The question then arises as to who or what is going to keep aviation alive during these next few years, when flying has ceased to be a vital necessity of war and has not yet become an equally vital necessity for commerce—for, after all, it is its commercial value which will ultimately decide whether the aircraft industry is to be a rival of the

railway industry and ship-building industry, or whether it is to sink to the level of yacht-building. So far as the Royal Air Force is concerned, it has already in hand such a stock of aeroplanes and spare parts that it is not likely to want many new machines for a couple of years to come. There will still be a good deal of flying on official business by the actual aviators of the R.A.F.; but their machines will last so much longer under peace conditions that existing stocks will supply them for a long time. How, then, is civilian flying to begin again after the war?

Personally, one is strongly of the opinion that it will start purely as a sport, just as motoring was a sport for years before the motor-lorry and the motor-delivery van came into being. Also it is well to remember that the hire-car and the taxi

all seemed to have made up their minds that somehow or other they are going on flying.

Many of the pilots in the R.A.F. are sufficiently wealthy to buy a private aeroplane, and are able to run it themselves with the aid of a decent mechanic or two. Some few may even be able to maintain a private aerodrome and a whole staff of mechanics. Very many more, who could not afford £2000 or so for an aeroplane, would be willing to put down £500 or thereabouts per annum for the use of a machine.

Another early manifestation of civilian flying will, no doubt, be a revival of air-races and exhibition flights. At present all aerodromes in England and France are owned by the Army or Navy, with the exception of a few small, out-of-the-way places. It is possible, however, that some of the big aerodromes near important cities may either be handed back to civilian control, or may be made available to civilian aviators. It should, at any rate, be possible for an ex-R.A.F. pilot to hire housing-room for his machine at an R.A.F. aerodrome if so desired; and possibly, thanks to the keenness of all members of the Air Council on developing civilian aviation, some of the R.A.F. aerodromes may be let for the express purpose of organising flying competitions and exhibitions.

By some such means as these the general public may be educated up to the point of accepting aeroplanes as a reasonable method of conveyance, and, when once confidence in aerial vehicles is created, the rest will follow naturally. The chief danger lies in the possibility of young and reckless aviators killing themselves in public at such meetings. Not long ago one of our earliest pilots, discussing post-war flying while sundry Army aviators were performing weird antics overhead, remarked that exhibitions of that kind would be the regular Saturday afternoon attraction after the war, and, he added, "One of the best draws for the public would be to guarantee at least three fatal accidents every afternoon." No doubt a certain class of mob would be vastly entertained by such a performance, but if flying is to be accepted as a serious method of locomotion, one of the first cares of the promoters of aviation meetings after the war must be the avoidance of serious accidents.

The safety of any given method of locomotion—at any rate in the public estimation—is purely a matter of the proportion of accidents to the number of miles covered. If one person is killed for every thousand miles, the method is obviously absurdly dangerous. If one is killed per 10,000 miles, it is still dangerous. At present one believes that, even including pupils rushed through under war conditions, the death-rate in aircraft—other than deaths caused by the enemy—is something like one per 100,000 miles, which is really quite reasonable. Under peace conditions this will naturally be greatly reduced, but it will first of all be necessary to convince the public of the fact.



THE AVIATOR'S VIEW OF WAR ON LAND: THE CURIOUS APPEARANCE OF AN AMERICAN CAMP IN THE ARGONNE DURING THE GREAT ADVANCE BEFORE THE ARMISTICE.

This remarkable photograph, taken from an aeroplane in flight over the Argonne, shows the curious effect, as seen from the air, produced by a large group of tents in which American troops were encamped during the closing stages of their great advance. The site of the camp was a shell-torn copse of which only a few shattered trees remained.

The tents look, at first sight, like tumbled blocks of masonry from some ruined building.

became popular long before the real commercial vehicle arrived. One may reasonably expect a somewhat similar line of development in aircraft. The people at the front are as intensely interested in these developments as are the aircraft manufacturers at home, and, during a visit to a number of the most advanced R.A.F. squadrons in France recently, one found that quite the most common topic of conversation was: "Now that we have beaten the Boche, what are our chances of getting any flying in the future?" All seemed to assume that they would be out of a job before long, yet

THE LAST DAYS OF FIGHTING: AMMUNITION-SUPPLY BY AIR.

DRAWN BY JOSEPH SIMPSON.



AMMUNITION BY AEROPLANE TO OUR INFANTRY AND MACHINE-GUNNERS: "FEEDING" THE FRONT LINE FROM THE AIR BY PARACHUTE.

The Royal Air Force did splendid service towards the final achievement of victory. Concerning this picture, Boyd Cable writes: "Frequent mention has been made in the despatches of late of the dropping of ammunition from aeroplanes for the machine-guns and riflemen in the front line; but it is, perhaps, hardly realised how valuable this work is. Where a German barrage is falling behind our front lines, the infantry who carry ammunition through shell-fire must always risk heavy casualties. The air-supply saves

this. The ground-supply, again, must be slow, and any delay must prevent a rapid advance by our infantry. Many a time the air-supply has allowed our infantry to push on and secure tactical advantages which would have been lost by delay. The ammunition is dropped by parachute, and our airmen have shown remarkable skill in placing it close to the men who want it; boxes in some cases actually falling in our trenches or machine-gun positions."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

MET AT THE INCHCAPE: GERMANY'S NAVAL SURRENDER MISSION.

DRAWING BY AN EYE-WITNESS; PHOTOGRAPH—BRITISH NAVAL OFFICIAL.



LED BY A BRITISH LIGHT CRUISER THROUGH THE MISTS OF THE NORTH SEA TO THE BRITISH NAVAL BASE:
THE GERMAN CRUISER "KÖNIGSBERG," CARRYING THE GERMAN DELEGATES.



RETURNING THE SALUTE OF BRITISH OFFICERS ON THE QUARTER-DECK OF ADMIRAL BEATTY'S FLAG-SHIP:
REAR-ADMIRAL HUGO VON MEURER COMING ABOARD H.M.S. "QUEEN ELIZABETH."

Mist overhung the North Sea when on the afternoon of Friday, November 15, the German cruiser "Königsberg," flying the German flag and carrying Rear-Admiral Hugo von Meurer, with four officers of his staff, was met by a force of British light cruisers and torpedo-craft, near the famous Inchcape Rock, whose bell, as the poem relates, once tolled the doom of a pirate. Thence the "Königsberg" was escorted to the British Base, and late that evening they left their ship and went aboard the destroyer "Oak,"

which conveyed them to Admiral Beatty's flag-ship, the "Queen Elizabeth." Admiral Meurer was piped aboard in the usual manner, and was received on the quarter-deck by Commodore the Hon. Hubert G. Brand, Captain of the Fleet, and other officers, whose salute he returned. He was then taken to Admiral Beatty's cabin, where was arranged the surrender of the stipulated 6 battle-cruisers, 10 battle-ships, 8 light cruisers, and 50 destroyers.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE SILENT NAVY GIVES TONGUE: WELCOMING THE ARMISTICE.

DRAWN BY CECIL KING.



THE SIGNING OF THE ARMISTICE WITH GERMANY: THE GRAND FLEET CELEBRATING THE HISTORIC EVENT.

The British Navy, without which, it cannot be repeated too often, the war could not have ended in victory for the Allied arms—and that is not saying one disparaging word of the gallantry of the Allied Navies and the Allied fighters on land—celebrated the signing of the Armistice in its own fashion. It was at night when the Silent Navy suddenly gave tongue. At seven o'clock, the main-brace was spliced—in other words, a special rum

fation was served. At eight, the ships lit up, and there came the myriad hoots of sirens, as scores and scores of searchlight-beams criss-crossed the skies, star-shells were fired, flares were lit, and fireworks were sent up. So for an hour. Then all was silent again; and there was no light save a twinkle from the Admiral's ship, giving orders for carrying on.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE FINAL STRUGGLE ON THE WESTERN FRONT: THE

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE



"OUR SECOND DIVISION DID BRAVE WORK IN GAINING THE BRIDGEHEAD ACROSS THE

Our drawing shows a dramatic incident in the closing operations on the Western Front just before the Armistice. Troops of the 2nd Division are seen attacking and taking the Chateau of Noyelles, near Cambrai, and crossing the waterways, after stiff fighting, in pursuit of the fleeing Germans. The infantry, who had received invaluable help from the Royal Engineers, crossed on the heels of the enemy and held the place against all counter-attacks. In the foreground Germans in the garden of the Chateau are seen retreating across a bridge which had been blown up. Only one girder remained in place, and across that duck-boards had been laid down. In the background are British troops of the 2nd Division advancing from

SCHELDT CANAL CROSSINGS—A FIGHT AT A CHATEAU.

FROM A SKETCH BY C. W. DE GRINEAU.



CANAL": BRITISH TROOPS DRIVING THE GERMANS FROM THE CHATEAU OF NOYELLES.

the Chateau in pursuit. An official communiqué describing the battle said: "The 2nd Division crossed the Canal about Noyelles and advanced over 1½ miles up the rising ground to the east." Mr. Philip Gibbs writes of the same occasion: "Our 2nd Division did brave work in gaining a bridgehead across the canal east of Noyelles, where the cutting is deep and wide with shelving banks bricked up, so that it is a terrible place to cross under fire. The enemy kept it under fire, and had observation of our men from the high mound south of Cambrai and the Mont-sur-Les Envoies."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE GREAT ADVANCE WHICH CAUSED THE ARMISTICE: A BRITISH COLUMN STREAMING THROUGH A RECAPTURED VILLAGE.

DRAWN BY C. W. F. GERRARD.



THE MIGHT OF BRITAIN ROLLING BACK THE INVADER FROM THE SOIL OF FRANCE: A TANK READY, AND ARTILLERY MOVING FORWARD DURING THE FINAL OPERATIONS.

During the last days of the war before the Armistice the British Armies on the Western Front were moving forward with irresistible pressure on the heels of the retreating enemy. The roads were crowded with long columns of infantry, transport, and artillery, all advancing in relentless pursuit. The above illustration shows the scene as one such column streamed through a French village which had just been recaptured, and where already the Tricolour was flying once more from many of the cottage windows.

In the left foreground is a 4-inch howitzer drawn by a motor-herry, lumbering along past a Tank which is awaiting its turn to advance. Further up the road, which is littered with machine-guns and other debris, is a crowd of other horses, guns, and infantry going over a bridge and up the hill. In the right foreground is a group of Highlanders having tea, while just beyond them are two old French villagers, and to the left of them some German prisoners. (Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

THE LAST FIGHTS BEFORE THE ARMISTICE: BRITISH

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM



RIFLEMEN CLEARING A VILLAGE NEAR VALENCIENNES.

A SKETCH BY C. W. DE GRINEAU.



"NO SINGLE VILLAGE HAS FALLEN INTO OUR MEN'S HANDS WITHOUT A SEPARATE

The British advance which led to the capture of Valenciennes was far from being a walk-over. The enemy's rear-guards in many places resisted stubbornly, and our men advancing along village streets were met by machine-gun fire. Writing shortly before the Armistice of many actions of which the above is typical, Mr. Philip Gibbs says: "Troops of our First and Third Armies are still fighting very hard in the woody country south of Valenciennes and east of Le Cateau. The Germans are resisting strongly, and no

LITTLE BATTLE FOR IT": BRITISH OUTPOSTS FORCING BACK THE GERMAN REARGUARDS.

single village has fallen into our men's hands without a separate little battle for it, though during the last 24 hours they have taken many villages. . . . The enemy has many guns and machine-guns everywhere, and our men moving forward in this open warfare without any protection of trenches or dug-outs, on the outskirts of woods, where the Germans have good cover, and in villages, where they fire from the roofs and windows and cellars, are not having an easy drive through."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

SCIENCE JOTTINGS



THE BUILDING OF ST SOPHIA AT THE PRIDING OF THE BYZANTINE EMPEROR, JUSTINIAN—AN ARCHITECTURAL



THE SPLITTING UP OF THE FAMOUS METROPOLITAN CHURCH OF THE GREENS AT CONSTANTINOPLE: JUSTINIAN INSPECTING A PLAN SHOWN THEM BY THE ARCHITECTS, ANTHEMIUS OF TRALLIS & ISIDORE OF MILETUS



BEFORE CONSTANTINOPLE WAS TAKEN BY THE TURKS IN 1453, & THE CHURCH BECAME A MOSQUE: ST SOPHIA.

RACIAL problems just now are assuming an unprecedented importance, so much so that they have come to force themselves upon the attention even of those who till now have never given a thought to such themes. And among these are probably many who took it for granted that the various nations of Europe represented practically homogeneous assemblages of peoples. But the splitting up of Austria-Hungary into its component elements must have done not a little to show that our everyday conceptions on this head need overhauling.

On the subject of the "Latin Race" undoubtedly much misapprehension has existed. For, although admittedly represented by several nations, it has probably been generally assumed that they are, so to speak, of one family. Nothing could be further from the truth. What the term "Latin Race" means in regard to the Italian people has just formed the subject of a brilliant piece of analysis by Professor Giuffrida-Ruggeri, the Professor of Anthropology in the University of Naples. "If the so-called Latin Race really existed," he remarks, "the anthropology of Italy, as of a good part of Europe, would be very simple . . . but there are no characteristics which apply to all the representatives of the so-called Latin Race."

He then proceeds to show that there is a very evident difference, in the physical characteristics, of the population occupying the north and south of Italy. In the former, the Alpine—"round-headed"—type prevails; and in the latter, and in the islands, an almost homogeneous Mediterranean stock—long-headed and of low stature—is found. In the south of the peninsula, especially in Basilicata and in the islands, the percentage of very short individuals is large, as is shown by the numbers of the conscripts refused because of their height; and this attains its maximum in Sardinia.

In tracing the origins of the Italian peoples, a start has to be made at the Neolithic phase of human development, for Italy as yet has yielded nothing of importance as touching man in Protolithic or "Palæolithic" times. From the Lombard plains to the Ionic shore the circular foundations of huts, half-buried in the ground, have been found. These

THE LATIN RACE, AND ITS COMPOSITION.



CAMOUFLAGED WITH PART OF THE ROOF OF A DESTROYED HOUSE: A GERMAN OBSERVATION-POST.—[Official Photograph.]

were apparently inhabited by a pastoral people who were united in villages. In the foundations of these dwellings not only weapons of polished stone, but the remains of domestic crafts (including

pottery) have been found. These people buried their dead in the contracted position; and beside the body was laid everything it could require in the life beyond the tomb. Many of these tombs have been found at Mentone, as well as in Liguria.

Among these ancient people there suddenly appeared an alien race, whose usages, customs, arts, and crafts were totally without relation to the past; and they later became known as the Ligurians. But they were of the long-headed, Mediterranean type, and migrated, it would seem, from the East, bringing with them the shells of the pearl oyster and the culture associated therewith. From the evidence of the pottery, these migrants seem to have come from Crete. Later, towards the end of the Neolithic phase, as is shown by human remains from a cave near Palermo, short-skulled "Alpines" from the highlands of Asia Minor made their appearance, bringing with them the knowledge of the use of metals. They formed settlements in Sardinia.

Into the midst of this metal-using civilisation a new people now thrust themselves. They were migrants from Central Europe, who descended into Lombardy and occupied the ponds and lakes, by building houses upon piles. The little towns and streets which they built on posts are known as "Terramare." Towards the end of the second millennium the pile-dwellers were driven out by the Umbro-Sabelli from the north. The pile-dwellers migrated towards the Marche and the Tiber valley, and it is believed that their descendants were the Latins, founders of Rome. These people, however, have to share the honour of the founders

of Rome with the Sabines, Samnites, and other Sabellic peoples, who are also represented in ancient Rome, together with men of the Nordic Race, from northern Europe. These last seem to have made their appearance during the twelfth and eleventh centuries B.C. The eighth to the seventh centuries witnessed the foundation of Etruria by a further alien invasion—the Etruscans, bringing with them a truly Oriental luxury in the form of sculpture, precious metals, bronze, worked iron, and filigree work, and the culture of vines and grain. The Italian is a blend of the three fundamental races of Europe, still traceable in different parts of the peninsula and its islands.

—W. P. PYCRAFT.



BUILT TO RESEMBLE A SMALL COTTAGE: AN INGENIOUS GERMAN CONCRETE MACHINE-GUN POSITION, AND OBSERVATION-POST.—[Official Photograph.]

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LADIES' NEWS.

HOW to wear the victory smile is the question being variously answered on all sides. The girl war-workers wear it openly and widely as did the Cheshire cat. Indeed, to quote Mark Twain, their smiles are loud and frequent. The ordinary nice woman wears it in a nice, contented, ordinary way that is most effective; the selfish women seem to smile into themselves as if settling in what manner peace is specially to please them. The aristocrat smiles more with her eyes than her lips. Opulent women smile lips and eyes alike, many a thousand smiles; and I thought that the Queen's was among those, as I saw her several times last week, who have tears quite near them, for all that has gone beyond recalling. Yet it is ever the victory smile, and very becoming it proves, whether merry, or brave, or just joyous. Even the selfish smile is camouflaged, so that its own wearer does not know that there is self in it.

Dancing will be the chief amusement of this winter. With the war over, the very last objection to it is withdrawn. There is now no special fear that a wife may be dancing whilst she is becoming a widow; or a girl tripping it while her lover or her brother is dying or dead. This cold douché of dread is turned off by the silence of the guns. Dance dresses are very pretty, and not necessarily expensive. Charming frocks oforgette, with slight embroideries or silver lace, can be had for four or five guineas; and men do not think of dancing with the best-dressed girl in the room now. They like the best dancer, or the jolliest partner: most of them think all the dresses extraordinarily pretty, and so they are, for they are of lovely shades and are ethereal and simple. These things appeal to the manly mind. Women look much more at detail, although only the really vulgar-minded among us judge by expense.

A woman was wailing the other day that, while her hands and her feet were undoubtedly useful, they were also horribly expensive. Stockings and shoes, of course, are more worth what they cost, for they do wear awhile. About gloves was her chief complaint: London is so hard on gloves, and they are now so costly. For once in a way fashion is kindly, and many evening frocks have long sleeves, so that the gloves need not be long. The lady, or is it the dictator, is repenting of this concession to economy, for some of the latest and most elaborate dress-models have no sleeves at all, and have returned to the jewelled aiguillette, or the gold or silver band. As this



A FASHIONABLE AFTERNOON DRESS.

Made of grey velvet, trimmed with steel embroidery, this dress shows the new line, which is most becoming to the tall slim woman.

is classical, perhaps gloves may be omitted from the scheme, a hope too fair to materialise, I fear. Really, 30s. and 40s. a pair for long gloves is serious!

The new Marchioness Conyngham is an Australian by birth. She was Miss Tobin, daughter of Mrs. W. A. Tobin, and married the then Lord Frederick Conyngham about three months after the outbreak of war. He speedily rejoined his Battalion of Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, and has since been wounded. The late Marquess lived at Bifrons, near Canterbury. He was unmarried, and the present Peer is his only brother. It is not a rich peerage: there are two residences and a considerable acreage in Donegal, and a place in Meath. We have other representatives of the daughters of the Empire in the Peerage—the Marchioness of Donegall is a Canadian; the Countess of Darnley is Australian, and met her husband when he was there, as the Hon. Ivo Bligh, playing cricket for All England. The Dowager-Countess of Seafeld is from New Zealand; her daughter, the present Countess, was born there. The late Lord Seafeld was Scotch, but lived most of his life in New Zealand.

There is a fair amount of sympathy expressed for the Kaiserin among women; men, in their chivalrous way, are all sorry for her. A life of thirty-seven years with the Kaiser seems to entitle her to any amount of sympathy. She never loved England, and she cordially detested Americans. Both sentiments were probably reflections of the Kaiser's mind. Her brother, Duke Ernest Gonthier of Schleswig-Holstein, married the only daughter of Prince Philip of Coburg and the eldest daughter of the late King Leopold of Belgium, who is eighteen years his junior. They have no children, and the heir to the dukedom, which is probably now non-existent, is Princess Christian's only surviving son, a man certainly deserving of sympathy, since he went to Germany only because he was the heir. His elder brother would not go, and it was pointed out to him as a duty. He was always more an Englishman than a German; and when he returned from here, on the outbreak of war, as he was bound by oath to do, he was broken-hearted. He has never fought in the war, having refused to lift his sword against this country, so he has been Commandant of a prison camp for officers, and treated them as well as was possible. The Kaiserin set her heart on making a German marriage for her brother's heir, but he would have none of it. There was no share or place in rule for the Kaiser's wife; she was in no way treated as a Consort. Rather a handsome woman, with hair which silvered when she was forty, she carried herself well, and the Kaiser saw that she had dress and jewels to

(Continued overleaf.)



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(Continued.)

look the part of his accessory. The war was, I am told, a horror and a torture to her from the first. Her last visit to this country was with the Kaiser and her only daughter when the Memorial to Queen Victoria in front of Buckingham Palace was unveiled.

The Empress Eugénie, in her ninety-third year, has seen the reversal of her husband's overthrow. Partly



WIFE OF THE BLINDED MEN'S CHAMPION: LADY PEARSON, WHO HAS DONE DEVOTED WORK FOR ST. DUNSTON'S.

Lady Pearson has devoted all her time to working for St. Dunstan's Hostel, on behalf of which Sir Arthur Pearson has recently issued a new appeal for funds as a thank-offering for victory. Lady Pearson, formerly Miss Ethel Maude Fraser, is a daughter of Mr. John William Fraser, of Herne, Kent. She has one son.—[Photograph by Hugh Cecil.]

Spanish, partly Scotch, she was a great figure in Paris, and must have exercised in the heyday of her youth very much of that mysterious gift called charm. Extravagant she was, in a way rarely reached here or in America before

the war. Never popular with the French, she loved them well. Her sorrows since she fled from France in Sir John Burgoyne's yacht, and landed in a storm at Ryde, and slept in a room (kept now as it was then) in the George Inn, have been heavy. She has hoped that she would live to see this war won, and has been intensely interested in it, and especially in the share taken in it by aviators. A great yachtswoman in her day, she was visited once at Cowes in her yacht the *Thistle* by the Kaiser, and thought it execrable taste of him to propose himself as a visitor. King Edward, I was told, advised her to receive him, which she did with courtesy. A pleasure in her old age is the son of Prince Napoleon, her husband's great-nephew, and his wife, the youngest daughter of the late King Leopold of Belgium. This young Prince Napoleon Bonaparte is in his fifth year.

After the manner of olden times, we are calling the newest autumn shades for the heroes of the war. A one-syllable name goes best for a colour, so we have Foch blue and Haig red; the Queen was wearing the latter when I saw her driving in the Park with Princess Mary, who was in Foch blue, the other afternoon. Neither royal lady had, perhaps, the least idea that they were thus honouring great soldiers. It has pleased the modistes to call a beautiful russet red—which, with skunk fur, suited her Majesty remarkably well—after the soldier of Fife whose part in winning the war has been as important as modest. A dull bloom-blue is called for the Marshal of France, and such was worn by the young Princess. That the Queen does think of the significance of colour is proved by her frequent wearing of green when in Ireland; on no occasion have I known of her wearing the tartan, and Wales has no special hue. Her Majesty's taste in colour is for pink and blue and mauve—all in rather brighter shades than are usual; at this time of year dark, rich colours appeal to her, and suit her very nicely. A. E. L.

CHRISTMAS IN THE SHOPS.

THE wise buyer of Christmas presents does not forget that the pleasure given by a seasonable gift does not die with the season. That is notably true of things for purely personal use, such as the famous toilet productions of the "Erasmic" company. Daintily perfumed and made from the finest materials, these preparations enjoy a deserved popularity amongst women of good taste, who recognise, too, that they are of real value in keeping the most delicate skins in perfect order, proof against the bitter winds and rough storms of winter, just as they

mitigate in summer the effects of a blazing sun. They are of value not only to women but also to men.

Preparations such as the "Red Rose of Lancaster" series are invaluable to all who are exposed to the influence of cold winds and rough weather. The Erasmic Company have won a high reputation in Paris and London, both of which cities have learned to regard with favour their perfumes, powders,



soaps, and other preparations, and men value Erasmic Shaving Soap as highly as do women their Erasmic Vanishing Cream, which is so soothing and refreshing a preservative of the skin. Their Erasmic Bath Salt is an agreeable detail of the toilet, and is made in a range of delicate perfumes: Eau de Cologne, Violette, Verbena Salts, each having its particular odours. For combining the useful and the luxurious, Erasmic preparations take high rank, and no well-equipped toilet table, either for women or men, is complete without them. There is fascination in the names of their dainty productions: "La Reine d'Egypte" perfume; "Frison d'Amour" is another; Serie Bal Masqué, and "Series aux Fleurs Populaires," all suggest the charm and refinement of the productions themselves. Needless to add, the Erasmic Company's productions are obtainable at practically all chemists and stores at a quite reasonable price, and their London show-rooms are at 117, Oxford Street, W., and 13, New Bond Street, W., where our readers should write for the company's catalogue.



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*"They come as a boon and a blessing to men.
The Pickwick, the Owl and the Waverley Pen."*

THE KAISER'S FATAL ERROR.

PERHAPS an author who has become a naturalised British subject is not a bad sort of writer on the relations between Germany and Great Britain, and such a writer is Mr. J. Ellis Barker—which is as near as possible to the patronymic under which he offered to the British public the first of a series of volumes on "Modern Germany." And now, when the Fatherland has been shaken to its very foundations, he presents us with another contribution on the subject in the shape of "The Foundations of Germany: A Documentary Account Revealing the Causes of Her Strength and Wealth and Efficiency," though perhaps the "Downfall of Germany" would have been a better title, seeing that what to most readers is likely to prove its most interesting and instructive part is a chapter on "The Policy of Bismarck and William II."

The gist of this is that, if Bismarck had been alive and still at the helm of affairs in August 1914, or if the Kaiser had been true to his "dropped pilot's" policy, the world to a certainty almost would have been spared the terrible war which, among other things, has utterly undone the work of the German Empire's real founder. William II., in fact, proved a regular Penelope to the web of empire so laboriously woven by the great Chancellor. "Had not the Emperor and his counsellors deliberately thrown to the winds Bismarck's pleadings for a sane policy and his unceasing admonitions, Germany would still be prosperous and at peace."

The whole root of the evil lay in the Kaiser's binding Germany to Austria to a far greater and more perilous extent than was contemplated by the conclusion, in 1879, of the Austro-German treaty of mutual defence, which, by the subsequent adhesion of Italy, formed the basis of the Triple Alliance. This is also precisely the argument adduced by Prince Lichnowsky in his "Mission to London," to show that Germany had precipitated the war by adventurously following Austria in her policy of aggression in the Balkans instead of maintaining a purely defensive attitude as contemplated by Bismarck when initiating the era of the Triple Alliance. But the moment the Kaiser took his stand at Vienna in "shining mail," and declared that he



AFTER BATTLE: AN ARMY CHAPLAIN SAYING A PRAYER OVER THE TRENCH-GRAVE OF TWO GALLANT SOLDIERS.
Official Photograph.

meant to prove not only a "brilliant second" to, but a positive champion of, his ally in connection with the latter's annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, the impetuous



THE WINNING OF THE MESOPOTAMIA CAMPAIGN: HOISTING THE UNION JACK OVER THE TURKISH HEADQUARTERS AT KIRKUK.
Official Photograph.

War Lord committed himself to a line of country that was bound to lead, as it did, to a world war.

Both when as yet in office and after his dismissal, Bismarck continued insistent in pointing out, in the clearest language—as Mr. Ellis Barker explains—that Germany was under no obligation whatever to support Austria in the Balkans, and that in case of serious Austro-Russian differences, such as those which actually arose in July 1914 with regard to Serbia, Germany should not seek to act as Austria's unconditional supporter, but as a mediator, or "honest broker," between the two States.

Bismarck himself put the whole matter in a nutshell when, three years after his fall, he said: "The Austro-German Treaty of Alliance provides only against an attack against Austrian or German territory on the part of Russia. Being thus limited in scope, there is no question of the Treaty being made to serve Austria's special interest in the Balkans. The exclusive purpose of the alliance is to obviate a Russian war of aggression (on either of the contracting parties). Its object is in no way to strengthen Austria in the pursuit of a purely Austrian policy in the East. Germany has no interests there. Besides, if she supported Austria's Balkan policy she would defeat the object of the Treaty, which is to preserve the peace." Prince Lichnowsky, who is now seen to have been a much wiser and safer counsellor than the Kaiser then thought him to be, expresses himself in his pamphlet in almost identical terms. Finally, Mr. Ellis Barker—who has certainly never shown any admiration of the German Emperor, or his policy—thus concludes his indictment: "The official and non-official spokesmen of Germany have asserted unceasingly that a world-conspiracy had been formed against their country—that Russia or England was to blame for the present war. Those who are acquainted with Bismarck's writings know that the present war has not been caused by England's jealousy or Russia's ambitions, or France's thirst for revenge, but only by Germany's own folly, and especially by the action of her Emperor, who dismissed Bismarck, disregarded his warnings, and plunged the nation into a war which may end in Germany's destruction"—has, in fact, already so ended, or the next thing to it.

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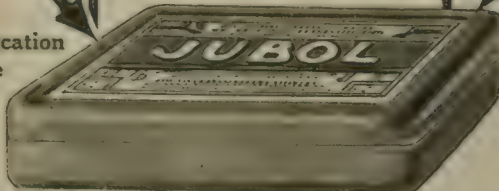
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NEW NOVELS.

**"White Nights ;
and Other
Stories."**

Human unhappiness, in Dostoevsky's novels, is presented as only genius can deal with it. One of the most pitiable spectacles imaginable is the suffering of a man who struggles to smile at his own distress, and this is not spared us in the stories of "White Nights" (Heinemann). Take, for example, the author of the diary in "Underground," who examined the motives for every act he committed, and discovered them to be uniformly base, or cowardly, or insanely sentimental. The picture, the finished portrait, is frightful; and the last thing we seem to hear is the laughter of the lost wretch as he turns shuddering from himself. By comparison, the first story, "White Nights," is an idyll; and it dwells on the heart-breaking solitude of a gentle and affectionate being who dreams for a few short days that he has found his mate. These people, so sensitive, so hopeless, so conscious of their own misery, live in a world of unclean habitations, of joyless horizons—the world of a long Russian night. When you consider what his country did with Dostoevsky and other intellectuals, and go on to think of the still deeper darkness it is plunged in now, the history of Russia takes shape as the most terrible tragedy known to the world. There is a purpose and a meaning in the martyrdom of France or Belgium, a splendour ineffaceable. But the Russians trample upon each other and are suffocated, as their soldiers of the Masurian Lakes were suffocated in the marshy death that Hindenburg commanded for them. Even the sweeter tales of the present volume are filled with melancholy.

**"Joan and
Peter."**

Mr. Wells has returned to an early love. He wrestles in "Joan and Peter" (Cassell) with the matter of education—or the absence of it—in England. The truth seems to be that simultaneously with a recrudescence of his contempt for the classics he has discovered the Empire, and can perceive no one competent to handle its

probably have satisfied him; and Oswald, being an ex-midshipman, must have known of their existence. Perhaps it is Mr. Wells who forgot them—he has a way of forgetting the Navy. If you substitute engineering for biology, they give you an educational scheme on the fresh and strenuous lines that Oswald failed to find either in the preparatory or the public schools. His quest is, however, only a part

of the story. There are some very clever chapters on the development of the two children, their adolescence, their sexual pre-occupations (where Mr. Wells prances a good deal), and the shattering arrival of the Great War. Here, as in "Mr. Britling," the author quivers with exasperation at the state of his country, so muddle-headed, so crippled with ignorance and incompetence, so rife with distraction and dishonesty. Well may Admiral Sims find it necessary to reiterate that to know what the British have done you should ask anyone rather than an Englishman. No one could guess from reading "Joan and Peter," which reflects as in a mirror Mr. Wells's view of the times he lives in, that this bungling British race was, even while he raked over the dust-heap of its errors, keeping the seas for freedom, training and sending to victory armies of many millions, organising—admirably—its food control, and grinding down the scientific military machine of a nation of educational experts. Either the God of miracles—who is such a laughable conception to Mr. Wells—still exists and is

backing the blockheads, or something is wrong with the Oswald-Wells point of view. "Joan and Peter" will, we may hope, be accepted rather as a brilliant piece of fiction than as a far-sighted or penetrating observation of England and the English in the last five-and-twenty years.



AFTER AN INTERVIEW WITH GENERAL ALLENBY: THE SHERIF FAISAL, SON OF KING HUSSEIN, AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARAB NORTHERN ARMIES, LEAVING THE HOTEL VICTORIA, DAMASCUS. The Sherif Faisal, who rode in triumph into Damascus, led the Arab forces which fought so brilliantly in Palestine. Mr. Balfour said at the Guildhall, paying tribute to our various Allies: "The great performance of General Allenby will be associated for all time with the great efforts made in co-operation with us by the King of the Hedjaz and his Arabs."—[Official Photograph.]

problems. His Imperialist, Oswald, comes back from Africa to be the co-guardian of Joan and Peter. He ranges up and down England looking in vain for the schools of his desire. Now this is curious, because, so far as Peter was concerned, Osborne and Dartmouth would



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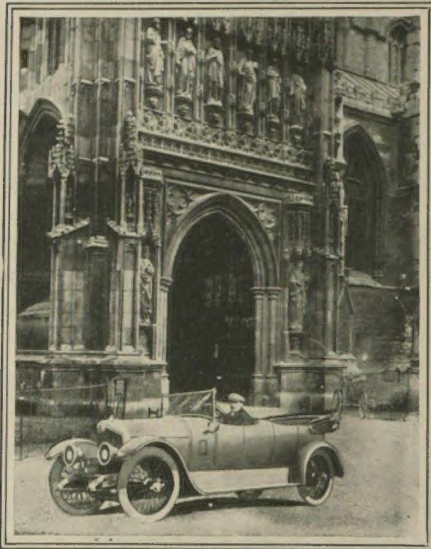
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ANCIENT AND MODERN: A FINE VIEW OF GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL AND, A CONTRAST IN ITS MODERNITY, AN UP-TO-DATE CROSSLEY CAR.

deal more of it for general disposal because of the virtual cessation of flying at the front and the easing off in training at the home aerodromes; but the needs of Army and Air Force transport will still remain as large as ever for some time to come. What there is to spare will, I take it, be first of all allotted to business firms for transport

purposes and to public-service concerns, and until their requirements have been satisfied the private user will be ignored. It will probably not be until peace has been actually signed that we shall get any marked relaxation of the present restrictions. The Petrol Control department, however, has given an assurance that these will be removed as rapidly as possible, and with that we shall have to rest content for a while. A good deal will depend upon the number of tank steamers available, and the use to which they will be put during the next few months. At the moment I believe that the reserve stocks in the country are very satisfactory, and, if the present volume of imports can be maintained, it will not be very long before some of the surplus will be available for the private user.

Tyres for
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All of which reminds me that there are other problems than that of petrol to be faced when we try to get

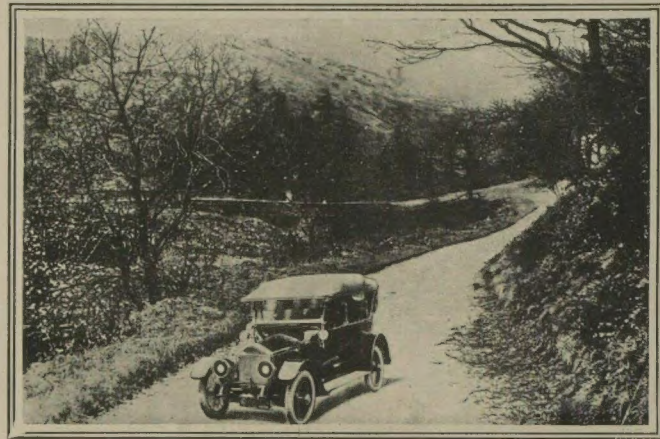
back to our motoring. One of those is in connection with tyre supply. I have already noted that the requirements of the Government have been the supply of the colossal number of 50,000 tyres daily. This number is to be reduced to 30,000 daily—20,000 pneumatics and 10,000 solids—and the demand is expected to be maintained for the next two years. As the total output of British tyre factories is only 25,000 a day, it is obvious that here is a problem which will require a great deal of solution. From the point of view of British trade interests that solution would best be found in the Government getting practically the whole of their requirements from America, and setting free the British factories to get on with the reconstruction of their home and overseas trade.

I admit there are certain obvious drawbacks to such a programme, but the question is whether they are not outweighed by the advantages. If, however, it is impossible to adopt the policy as it stands, then it ought not to be beyond the bounds of practice to arrive at a compromise.

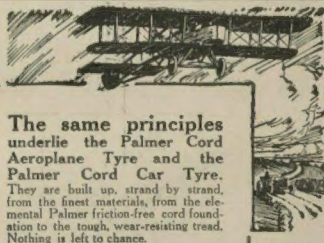
£1000 Motoring
Prize.

The Automobile Association has received several entries for its competition for a £1000 prize offered for the best system for enabling coal gas to be satisfactorily used as a fuel for motor-vehicles. In addition, a large number have signified their intention to compete for the prize, but have not yet definitely entered as competitors. The closing date for the competition is Dec. 31, 1918. Those who have postponed their entries should communicate at once with the Secretary, Automobile Association, Fanum House, Whitcomb Street, London, W.C.2.

W. W.



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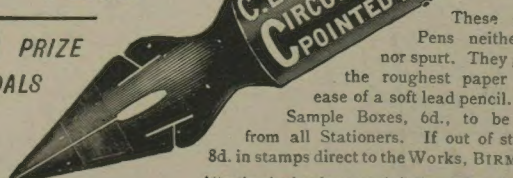
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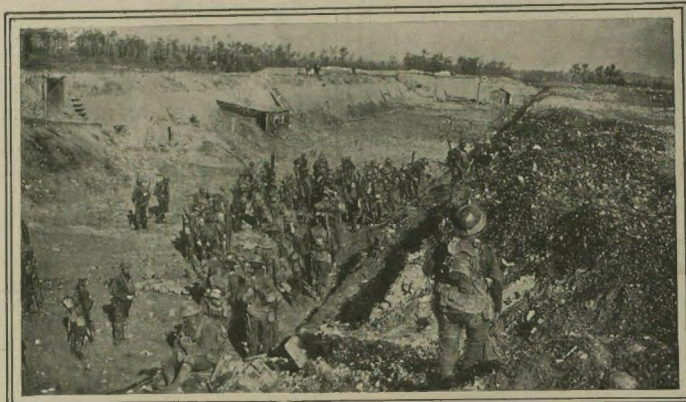
"TWELFTH NIGHT," AT THE COURT.

EVERYBODY ought to see Mr. James Fagan's production of "Twelfth Night" at the Court, because here we have Shakespeare adequately and delightfully presented, the different elements of his story duly regarded and kept in the right proportion, the poetry, the Italianate romance, the broad humour, the study of conceit and its castigation, the drama of coincidence and masquerade, the sweetness of English girlhood—all realised in a setting that is beautiful and yet suggests rather than forces beauty on our notice. No production can altogether escape criticism, and there will be some, no doubt, to complain of too long intervals in Mr. Fagan's earlier curtain-falls, and to object to his having the revels of Sir Toby Belch and his fellow-roysters played in the open air; but the wise playgoer will be thankful that he is given so much he can honestly praise, and will not look out for the little points that perhaps miss perfection. Similarly with the acting. The wonderful thing is that it should be so good, and that the whole should present so much harmony. We have had more deliberately comic Malvolios than that of Mr. Herbert Waring, but few so carefully thought out, so free from exaggeration, so truly of a piece alike in sunshine and in eclipse; you can be sorry over the discomfiture of this Malvolio even while you laugh at his antics: of how few recent Malvolios can this be said? Quite as happy is Mr. Arthur Whitby's Sir Toby Belch, something more of the wreck of a gentleman and more influenced by music than other Tobys, but gloriously full-blooded in his cups and at his catches—the best of fun. Mr. Miles Malleon's Aguecheek is a capital foil; Miss Mignon O'Doherty gives Maria a sufficient touch of sauciness; and the singing of Mr. Edgar Stevens's Clown, at all events, is exquisite. Similarly, the representatives of the four lovers leave agreeable impressions. Mr. Terence O'Brien's Orsino has eloquence; Miss Mary Grey makes a stately if restrained Olivia; Mr. Pardoe Woodman supplies what we want in a Sebastian; while in the Viola of Miss Leah Bateman we have a girl who is gallant, warm-hearted, tender, and rich in a sense of humour. Those who will may question if this Viola strikes sufficiently the note of romantic passion and



THE ARMISTICE CELEBRATIONS IN PARIS: THE SANDBAGGED STATUE AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE TUILERIES GARDENS DECORATED WITH GERMAN "TIN HATS."

Photograph by Barrière.



THE END OF THE FIGHTING ON THE WESTERN FRONT: TROOPS IN THE CANAL DU NORD WAITING TO GO FORWARD.—[Official Photograph.]

gets all she might out of her lines, or find the other sentimental actors a little nervous in bringing out the rhythm of their speeches—though few could find that or any other fault in Mr. Brydone's Antonio; but the right attitude towards the whole performance is one of gratitude that in these exciting times we should obtain what is probably the best all-round rendering of "Twelfth Night" within most folks' recollection.

"THE OFFICERS' MESS," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

Plays sometimes are made scapegoats no less than the man in the proverb who may not look over a hedge, and in the rough justice of this world, have to suffer for the offences of others as well as their own. So may be explained the rather severe judgments pronounced on "The Officers' Mess." It is not so very much more trivial than other trivial musical comedies that have passed muster in war-time; its authors, Messrs. Sydney Blow and Douglas Hoare, only seasoned a little more strongly than heretofore the dish which has usually been reckoned appetising enough. But the extra quantity of sauce or spice seemed to come at the wrong moment—at a moment when outside events of supreme importance rendered playgoers' appetites more queasy or more critical than they have been. And so there was not as much patience as in the past for this tale of the "mess" into which three scapegrace officers on leave land themselves by loading their flat with pretty young women, and lying wholesale to conciliate the shocked propriety of aunts and to retain their charmers. Even the inevitable bedroom scene was not the "cinch" it is always expected to be. Even such a pretty and piquant bevy of girls as Miss Peggy Kurton, Mlle. Odette Myrtil, and Miss Sybil Carlisle provided could not blind us on the night of a day of war-excitements to the artificiality of the formula. Even Mr. Ralph Lynn's Hawtrey-like slimness in inventing untruths, and plunging royally from one falsehood into another could not keep our interest concentrated on the stage. And Mr. Philip Braham's music seemed tinkling rather than gay. It may have been—it probably was—all a matter of mood, and in a week or two—who knows?—"The Officers' Mess" may have plenty of enthusiastic devotees.

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